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## GILBERT WHITE.

IN the sequestered village of Selborne, in Hampshire, lived, a hundred years ago, a clergyman named Gilbert White. Apart from his sacred office and his reputation for learning, his parishioners thought little or nothing of him, except, perhaps, that he was an oddity. The parsonage there was essentially his home. It had been his birthplace, and was destined to be his deathplace. Seventy-three years made up the sum of his tranquil existence. The very room in which he was born (18th July 1720), and in which he died (26th June 1793), is still shewn to the strangers who, out of respect for his innocent memory, come to take note of his haunts under those picturesque old roof-beams.

Imbued with a strong love of nature, this earnest observer had an eye for every living thing he met with during his rambles. The subtlest change in the atmosphere, the first unfolding of a leaf, the first budding of a flower, he took note of, as matter of importance. For him a saunter down a lane, a stroll through his own garden, a peep into a hedgerow, a momentary glance at a wayside bramble, was fraught, any day in the year, spring, summer, autumn, or winter, with keen enjoyment. A thousand chances to one but at these times some hitherto unregarded fact in the natural sciences would in a twinkling be brought to the knowledge of this investigator, who, having recognised the new fact, would duly record it for his own satisfaction and for the benefit of others. And it was through the simple day-by-day accumulation of the notes thus jotted down, apparently haphazard, and given to the world in a series of Letters, that there gradually, almost imperceptibly grew up, as an oak does from an acorn, that vigorous and indigenous product of the English soil and atmosphere, White's *Natural History of Selborne*.

Nestling in one of the most richly wooded corners of perhaps the best timbered district in England, the village of Selborne lies at a distance of fifty-four miles to the south-west of London.

Two hours' journey from the Waterloo Station by railway, and another hour's drive, in a fly, from the Alton Station, bring the traveller by two easy stages to his destination. The single straggling street three-quarters of a mile in length, which forms the main road of the village, is sheltered from the westerly winds throughout its whole course by a precipitous height running parallel with it, known all over that country-side by its old Saxon name of the Hanger. This noble acclivity rising abruptly three hundred feet above the village, is clothed from spur to summit with an umbrageous mass of beeches, and is at once the screen and glory of the village. Skirting either side of the cartway worn by the traffic of generations, and immediately under the shadow of this beechen Hanger, is a line of thatched cottages with diamond-paned lattice-windows, each with its little patch of garden, bright in the summer-time with gilly-flowers and sweet-williams, and in the autumn with tiger-lilies and hollyhocks.

Whatever changes have come upon the place during this century have only helped to beautify it. Its woodlands are more umbrageous; its thickets are more densely tangled; its hedgerows are more luxuriant. But the flowers, the birds, the beasts and insects of coppice, lane, and mere—the flora and fauna of Selborne—are nowadays very much as they were when watched and recorded more than three generations back by the old parson-naturalist. Written though his book was so long ago, it is still to this moment the exactest possible handbook to Selborne.

The original edition, published in 1789, was a quarto of four hundred and sixty-eight pages. It consists of a series of letters, one hundred and ten in number, addressed partly to Thomas Pennant, partly to the Hon. Daines Barrington. Since its earliest appearance, the work has been several times reprinted, often with additions, never once—a fact that has its significance—with emendations. Within the past twelvemonth a charming reprint has appeared, with Notes by Frank Buckland; a chapter on Antiquities by Lord Selborne;

some New Letters; and illustrations by P. H. Delamotte. (London, Macmillan.) Than Frank Buckland, no more suitable editor could have been selected among living naturalists; and very lovingly has he discharged the duty intrusted to his hands. As for the embellishments scattered through the volume, they are worthy of the letter-press. Delamotte's frontispiece gives at a glance the whole panorama as seen from the Hanger! The village itself, the white tower of the rustic church, the snug parsonage, the comfortable farms, the pretty cottages sprinkled over the landscape, the straw-yards, the hop-lands and the corn-fields, are all so clearly indicated by the artist's pencil, that that single leaf strikes you as a revelation. Instead of looking at a picture in a book, you are there, at that aerial height among the beeches, gazing down at the old Hampshire parson's homestead. Opening the volume elsewhere, you are in the central playground of Selborne, called familiarly the Plestor, where, with a circular bench for gossips round the trunk, flourishes to this day a noble sycamore, upon the site of which formerly stood, for at least four centuries, a vast but stunted oak that was levelled to the dust eventually by a hurricane. Hard by, from time immemorial, stood the village maypole, round which the lads and lasses danced to the pipe and tabor every spring-time, when the Maid Marian of the season was crowned with cowslips and May-blossom.

The parsonage of Selborne—now and for the last three-and-thirty years the residence of a worthy successor, Professor Thomas Bell—is a snug, homely rustic dwelling, trailed about, up to the very eaves, and in between the dormer windows on the roof, by blooming creepers, such as rose and clematis. A world of greenery brims up the front-garden to the very palings, so that as you stand outside in the roadway you catch but a half-glimpse of the front-parlours upon either side of the porchway. From under that trellised porch, and out through the little swing-gate in front of it, old Gilbert White has often emerged upon the village highway—a little, thin, prim, upright man in the clerical wig, buckled shoes, and knee-breeches of a by-past generation.

Crossing the entrance-hall, which has a curiously low ceiling, you are at once in White's own study—the very room in which he so often wrote and meditated. And yonder, propped in a corner, is the very walking-stick (a pale Malacca) upon which he so often leant in his tranquil saunterings.

In the back-garden, at the opposite extremity of a lawn covered with a deliciously soft grass carpet, upon which Frank Buckland's observant eyes took note that many water-wagtails were busily at work, you come upon White's own sundial. Visible at a glance from that back-garden on the acclivity of the hillside, is the Zigzag pathway (so called and so formed), tempting wayfarers to climb the Hanger. Immediately at its foot is a shiver-leaf aspen, reputed to have been planted as a sapling by Gilbert White himself, a splendid tree, now a hundred feet high and eight feet six inches in circumference. So completely does the whole scene breathe of the old-world days when the Selborne parson strolled there noiselessly over the turf, or with crackling shoes over the gravel, that you are half inclined to look about you among the flower-beds for Timothy

his tortoise, to hear the clucking of his favourite bantam hen Gunner; or are prepared to encounter at a turn of the shrubbery, his faithful Thomas, at once butler, valet, gardener, and assistant-naturalist; a factotum whose very 'small beer,' when he brewed, his good old master did not disdain to 'chronicle.'

Gilbert White was born in the very same room in which seventy-three years afterwards he peacefully breathed his last. The house—familiar even then as a home to several generations of his family—was at that time the residence of his grandmother. His father, John White, a barrister of the Middle Temple, was the only son of the Rev. Gilbert White, vicar of Selborne. The naturalist's mother, Anne, was the only child of the Rev. Thomas Holt, rector of Streatham.

Passing over his education at Oxford, where he took honours, we find him installed in the old family home as parson, taking with delight to a humdrum existence, that, for nearly fifty years together, was as the very breath of his nostrils to him as an Out-door Naturalist. His habits were secluded and temperate, his life being singularly monotonous and methodical. For years together he kept a diary with scrupulous care and neatness; while as for the epistles that, growing up side by side with this diary, compacted themselves into the completest possible History of Selborne, upwards of twenty years were given by him freely to the task of their compilation. The earliest date affixed to them was the 4th August 1767, the latest being the 1st January 1788. It was his custom, whenever he returned home from his out-of-door excursions, to take the first sheet of paper that came to hand and write upon it the day's observations. Having no blotting-paper in those days, the metallic glitter of the pounce sprinkled upon the wet writing may even yet be discerned.

The naturalist's father in his will directed that no monument should be raised to his memory, desiring only, as he said, to have his name inscribed upon the Book of Life. The son's name, it may be remarked with truth, has been inscribed by his own hand upon the Book of Nature. And although in the chancel of the old church at Selborne there is a marble tablet to his memory, his actual burial-place, with a modesty akin to that of his father, is barely indicated. A headstone marking the fifth grave from the north wall of the chancel has upon it his initials and the date of his death, the lettering being almost filled up and obliterated with moss and lichen. Otherwise, there is but a slight heave of turf, beneath which repose the remains of the naturalist and philosopher. Close by, within the toss of a pebble, is a grand old yew-tree, the age of which is unknown, the girth of its giant trunk being five-and-twenty feet; popular tradition according to it an existence of at least seven centuries.

So luxuriant is the vegetation all round Selborne that Mr Buckland pronounces it to be 'a primeval English forest.' Its Hanging Lanes, not less than its Hanging Woods, are among its distinctive peculiarities. These Lanes are really rocky hollows, which in the lapse of ages have been worn down by the fretting of water and by the traffic of generations. New roads having been opened to the neighbouring towns since Gilbert White's time, that traffic has long ago ceased

altogether. They are much wilder, consequently, these wonderful Hanging Lanes, than they were in his day, having been for years almost untrodden. Bisected by the high-roads now traversed to Alton and Liss, they reveal the aspect of matted jungles, are avoided as frightful traps by fox-hunters, and altogether present a mingled wildness and beauty that Salvator Rosa's pencil would have rejoiced to delineate. Looking more like water-courses than anything else, even a hundred years ago, these sandy channels—walled upon either hand by the gnarled roots of the stunted oaks, hazels, hawthorns, and dog-roses, by which they were overhung—had their banks carpeted in profusion with wild strawberries, ferns, and primroses. From the presence of so many trees all over the parish, the air of Selborne is soft and moist even to humidity. The manor, in all its sloping coverts, abounds with hares and pheasants and partridges. In old days, the woodcocks thereabouts were plentiful. A few quails may still be met with, these however mostly affecting the open; and after harvest you may come upon an occasional land-rail. The whole country is abrupt and uneven, being full of hills and woods, and consequently rife with birds of unusual variety. Hence it is that while Gilbert White is, in the broadest sense of the word, a naturalist, he is especially and pre-eminently an ornithologist. Secluded from the rest of the world at Selborne, he watched the coming and going of the feathered tribes with the intensest curiosity. While he had the keenest sympathy, of course, with the poor of his parish, who during the dead months of the year were busy spinning wool for the Quakers at Alton, to turn into the 'genteel corded stuff called barragons,' he had a watchful observation also for the light-winged denizens of the air. Nothing escaped him in this regard. He not only haunted his own garden chiefly to observe their habits, but made frequent excursions to the royal forest of Woolmer, a domain seven miles long and two and a half broad, that always afforded him an endless amount of entertainment both as a sportsman and as a naturalist. There he listened to the piping and drumming of the snipes, and marked, according to his opportunities, the fitful ways of the wild ducks, teals, and lapwings. His vigilant glance took note of the widgeons preening and resting among the osiers in Woolmer Pond until sunset, when they went forth in parties in quest of food to the neighbouring brooks and meadows.

There can be little doubt that among his parishioners he was regarded throughout life as one in no way out of the common—as, indeed, a mere potterer and maunderer. Two years ago, the oldest inhabitant at Selborne, one Mrs Small, a shrewd intelligent old woman aged ninety-three, and who was consequently eleven years of age when Parson White died, speaking of him to Mr Buckland, described him simply as 'a quiet old gentleman, with very old-fashioned sayings.' A village labourer named Henry Wells, and nicknamed Farmer, told the same authority last year, with a sense of mother-wit underlying the simple observation, that Gilbert White was 'thought very little of till he was dead and gone, and then he was thought a great deal of.' While, a whole generation back, a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the course of a paper descriptive of

a visit then recently paid to Selborne, reported the remark of an old dame who had nursed several of the family, to the effect that Parson White was 'a still quiet body'; adding, almost in contemptuous commendation: 'There wasn't a bit of harm in him, I'll assure you, sir; there wasn't indeed!'

Early in the correspondence that was to render him so famous, it is amusing to find the naturalist complaining that he lacks a companion 'to quicken his industry and sharpen his attention'; as if they admitted of being quickened and sharpened! By reason of this, he modestly insists he has made but slender progress in a kind of information to which he has been attached from his childhood. Moreover he had a charmingly unaffected tendency to self-depreciation. Thus, when describing, under date 25th December 1778, in a letter to his sister Mrs Barker, the fine warm winter-room his great parlour made, he—who must surely have been gifted with the keenest sense both of sight and hearing that naturalist ever enjoyed—laments naïvely, as the chief fault in the apartment, 'a strong echo, which when many people are talking makes confusion to my poor dull ears!' His every sense, we may be certain, was exquisitely refined, and matters trivial to others were important enough for him to note and chronicle. If a Stone-curlew is skulking on the bare ground, where it lays its eggs, endeavouring to evade his observation, and undistinguishable itself from the gray spotted flints around it, his keen glance detects it by the sparkle-like scintillation of its eye. He perceives upon the instant what nobody had perceived before, that bats sip water as they fly. If, in handling one of these creatures, his olfactory nerves are affected by its rancid and offensive smell, his sense of sight and feeling are simultaneously so gratified that he seems yearning over what the moment before has nearly sickened him. 'Nothing,' he says, 'could be more sleek and soft than their fur, which was of a bright chestnut colour.' Gilbert White it was who noticed that birds are strangely influenced by colour in the choice of food; not always, by the way, to their own advantage. Thus, though white currants are sweeter, they eat up all the red before touching the white, in spite of the latter being the riper and more palatable. He comments upon the noble and providential supply of ivy-berries for birds in winter and spring; the black fruit of that evergreen never appearing to freeze, whereas at the first sharp frost the haws are ruined. The hedge-sparrows at breeding-time, he notes, have a remarkable flirt with their wings; while he distinguishes between the redstart, shaking its tail horizontally, as a dog does when it fawns, and the up-and-down bob of the wagtail, like that of a horse completely jaded. Nothing distracts his attention. In the midst of what he calls 'an awful thunder-storm,' for example, on the 23d December 1791, we find him busy counting the number of seconds between flash and explosion. Every now and then, too, he evidences a quiet sense of the humorous, peculiarly his own; the merest glint of a smile, as we may conjecture, flitting over his features at these times while he is jotting down his observation. Thus, when he is remarking that in August the winged ants swarm by myriads in the air, bent on immigration, he adds that they

do so 'to the great emolument of the swallows, who fare luxuriously.' Again, where he speaks of their having had a weekly concert one winter at Selborne of 'two violins, two repianos, a hautboy, a German flute, and a violoncello,' he refers to the entertainment as presumably 'a great annoyance to the neighbouring pigs, which complain that their slumbers are interrupted and their teeth set on edge.' Or, again, if he is expatiating upon the peculiarities of that eccentric bird, the Long-legged Plover, of which there is a folding sketch opposite page two hundred and nine in the first quarto edition, its legs, as he expresses it, are distinctly 'in caricatura, the length of them being so extraordinary.'

He is his own Boswell, this simple-hearted parson-naturalist. He lets us into an intimate knowledge of all his little whims and oddities. He babbles his partiality for whipped syllabubs. He speculates with a tenderness that is half pathetic over what he conceives to be the erotic rather than simply erratic movements in June of Timothy the tortoise. If he grumbles about the dogs eating his gooseberries, he anticipates the modern outcry against bird-murder by energetically defending the rooks and crows from destruction, as themselves the destroyers of vast numbers of cockchafer. His wildest conjectures he puts into the plainest possible language. He wonders to himself and to his correspondent, and is wondering on now to posterity, whether it may not be possible to naturalise canaries by placing their eggs in the nests of their congeners the goldfinches and greenfinches, the callow young being possibly rendered hardy before winter, and able to shift for themselves. He speculates quite seriously as to the possible hibernation here in England of a few straggling swallows. Apropos to which not unfrequent surmise of his, we would here note the fact, that on the 3d of November 1789, the good old parson of Selborne made quiet record in that secluded village of the fact that 'Two swallows were seen this morning at Newton Vicarage House hovering and settling on the roofs and out-buildings. None have been observed at Selborne since October the 11th. It is very remarkable that after the hirundines have disappeared for some weeks, a few are occasionally seen again; sometimes in the first week in November, and that only for one day. Do they not withdraw and slumber in some hiding during the interval?' Observe the date—a date, in truth, so portentous—the 3d November 1789! It was the very morrow of the day, as it happened, upon which in France, the National Assembly at one fell swoop confiscated the whole ecclesiastical property, otherwise one-third of the entire landed property of that kingdom, estimated at about eighty million pounds sterling. Here, a simple-hearted curate in England wondering to himself with astonishment at the flight of a couple of swallows in November. Yonder, upon the other side of the Channel, a whole hierarchy shattered into the ghastliest ruin by something worse than a volcanic eruption or an earthquake—by the explosion of one of the most appalling Revolutions of which there is any record in the history of the human race. The startling contrast presented to view by those two dates and their respective incidents, demonstrates more clearly even than the beautiful book over which we have been lingering, that the lines of

Gilbert White's life had indeed 'fallen unto him in pleasant places,' when they led to his birth, his long career, and his peaceful death in that little silvan village of Selborne, of which it was his destiny to be the historian.

## FALLEN FORTUNES.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—A CATASTROPHE.

'O MAMMA! Kitty! news, news!' cried Tony, running joyfully into his mother's room one morning. She was not yet up; yielding to her daughters' entreaties and to the monitions of her own growing sense of weakness, she had of late consented to take her morning meal in her bedroom.

As her son entered, she rose from the pillow with eager eyes.

'What news, my child? It is not post-time yet. How can there be news?'

Kitty too, who was arranging some late autumn flowers in a little vase upon the dressing-table, so that her mother should see them reflected in the glass, turned round with a beating heart. 'The ship must have arrived at Rio!' thought she.

'O mamma!' said Tony, his ardour greatly cooled, and half-conscious of having aroused undue expectations, 'the first snow has fallen upon the fell. It is quite high up; but one can see it plainly, and it looks so beautiful. Margate says that it will not go away again till late in the spring; and that its coming so early is a sign of a hard winter.—What is the matter, dear mamma?'

Mrs Dalton had sunk back on the pillow, and covered her face with her thin hands. What sort of news she had expected, Kitty knew not; but it was plain that the disappointment had been a terrible blow.

'A hard winter,' she repeated, 'a hard winter.'

'That is what Margate says,' continued Tony, reassuringly; 'but Margate may not be right, you know. And even if she is, what will it matter? The snow will fall and fall; the beck will be frozen; the roads will be choked up, so that only light carts can come; and we shall be snug and cosy in Sanbeck, all by ourselves, just as though we were out of the world.'

'Out of the world,' repeated his mother slowly.

'Yes, mamma; but why should we care, being all together,' reasoned Tony gently. 'I have heard you say yourself, that you are always happy when you have us about you; and I am so glad that I am not at Eton this half.'

She was kissing him now in a strange passionate manner, and the rare tears were streaming down her cheeks. Kitty would have drawn the boy away; but she signed to her to leave him.

'You have not forgotten who is not here amongst us all, Tony?' whispered she.

'O no, mamma: I often think of dear papa.'

'And pray for him, darling? Do you pray for him?'

'Yes, indeed I do; every night and morning,' answered he in her ear, 'just as you taught me. There is no snow where he is gone, Jenny says.—I went to Jenny first, because I knew she was up and at her desk. And I have promised her to write to him all about it. Margate says there will be skating on the mere, and sleighing; the timber trucks make capital sleighs, and the boys will draw me—half-a-dozen of them at a time, Margate says—and one shoots down the fell like an arrow.'



Now, all that will be something to write about to papa. I don't mind writing, when I have got something to write about—that's *her* difficulty, Jenny says; so it happens to clever people as well as to stupid ones. And oh, dear mamma, I do hope you will get out as far as the bridge to-day, and see the snow on the fell.'

Poor Tony came back to that as his one strong point, and the sole excuse for his enthusiasm; but he felt that it was not so strong as it was, and that he had overrated the importance of his tidings. He even understood that his mother's thoughts were too occupied with 'dear papa' to take much interest in the natural phenomenon which had taken place; but beyond that, matters were a puzzle to him. Kitty, on the other hand, now felt that Jenny had been right when she said that her mother suspected something was amiss; that her apprehensions respecting the *Flamborough Head* and the precious life it carried were not less poignant than hers and Jenny's, though they had not the same sad foundation. She had never said one word to her of her walk to the mere with Uncle George, or even referred to his visit; a suspicious circumstance of itself, and which, joined to what she had seen that morning, made tender Kitty's heart bleed.

Jenny had now no secrets from her sister as respected the steamer. Jeff had written again—at Jenny's desire—describing what had happened at Lloyd's; how first 'the Committee' had announced 'that they would be glad of information regarding the *Flamborough Head*,' and how afterwards it had been placed in the dread list of 'Missing Vessels.' Yet even he had not said one word of the paragraph about the wreck, wishing to spare his correspondent, and ignorant that his employer had already supplied the information.

So week after week went by, and the snow fell as Margate had prophesied it would do—heavier than it had been known to fall for many a year in Sanbeck; no roll of wheel nor beat of hoof was heard—and indeed, save the doctor's pony and the butcher's light cart from Bleabarrow (the latter only at long intervals), there was no traffic of any kind in the little valley. The voice of its stream was hushed, and its fir-trees, too heavily weighted by the snow, had ceased to murmur; all was silence and solitude. The Daltons were literally out of the world. Few letters arrived for them now, even when the postman came, which was not always (for there was danger of him being 'smooored' in the drifts); the most sympathising folks cannot be always writing to condole with us, and there was no opportunity, alas! in this case for aught else but condolence. Our misfortunes are wearisome to our friends as well as ourselves, and make dumb both us and them. As to the Daltons' ordinary acquaintances, who had been very numerous, the family had 'gone under,' and were already forgotten. Kitty was the one who suffered most from this isolation; to her mother it seemed well to be alone with her wretchedness; and Jenny had Occupation—the balm for anxious minds. She was for ever writing and reading. Kitty was fond of reading, but not of study: she was not omnivorous, like her sister, and the library of the late Mr Landell had few attractions for her. She was, in truth, a devotee at the shrine of the circulating library; a persecuted faith, but one which has a great many charming followers. As the

family subscription in London was not yet run out, the books came down with those of the Campdens to Riverside, and were afterwards forwarded by carrier.

'If the snow permits it, pray send me over our batch of books,' wrote Kitty imploringly to Mary; 'it is a case of real destitution; I am starving for light literature: not a novel has met my eye for a fortnight. I am now reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*—one of the most recent works in the library of the Nook.'

Mrs Campden denounced this note as 'flippant,' considering the circumstances of Kate's position. The writer, indeed, was by no means in a flippant mood; only she no longer wore her heart upon her sleeve with respect to Mary. She did not feel inclined to lay bare to her, her miserable anxieties, and affected a gaiety that she was far enough from feeling. It is true, we should never affect anything; but Kitty would have found it hard to please Mrs Campden now by any style of composition. With a large class of persons, the unfortunate, like the absent, are always in the wrong; and besides, the mistress of Riverside was angry with the girl for refusing or withholding encouragement to Mr Holt.

However, the books were sent off as requested, and reached their destination, although with some difficulty, and not until late in the afternoon. The carrier, who was suitably entertained in the kitchen by Margate in recompense for his courage, gave a terrible account of his journey. If his cart had not been the best built and lightest of all carts, and the horse a paragon of strength and endurance, he could never have come up the valley! The snow was five or six feet deep in many places, and hung so heavy on the hedgerows that they looked like white walls! He tossed off his glass of spirits so quickly after his meal, in order that he might get home before dark, that he found he had just time for another. The treasure he had brought with him was taken into the parlour, and at once divested by Kitty of its coverings. She had thrown down the brown paper and the white upon the ground, and plunged in a first volume of her favourite author; and under his benign influence, Time, notwithstanding its weight, and weariness and woe, was flying. She only knew that it was growing late because of the waning light, which made her bring the enchanted pages nearer to the window. Presently, her mother entered the room, and her first act was to pick up the discarded wrappings of the parcel.

'O mamma, I am so sorry,' said Kate remorsefully. Neither she nor her sister, though neat enough in their personal appearance, were really tidy; whereas, if Mrs Dalton had a weakness, beside good-will for everybody, it was for putting things straight.

'Nay, nay, my dear,' answered she, smiling; 'don't reproach yourself: it was natural enough that, in your eagerness for the kernel, you should forget the husk.'

'But that I should have made you stoop to pick them up, mamma—I am quite ashamed of myself.'

And she cheerfully shut up her book, with the air of a good nun who has prescribed for herself a penance.

'Nay, my darling; I am going to look through

our weekly accounts; so do not punish yourself in that way. I don't want you to make yourself agreeable just now; only please to get the lamp, for my old eyes will not serve me in this twilight.

Neither Margate nor her myrmidon were intrusted with the trimming of the lamp, which, with many another household duty, was now Kitty's peculiar care. Notwithstanding the economical fashion in which the Daltons lived at the Nook—it was much more meagre than what fine folk call 'quiet'—their establishment was to be even still more reduced; it was found that Lucy could not be retained beyond the quarter. The fact was, with all one's good sense and wish to spend as little as possible, certain free-handed habits—a shilling here and sixpence there, and food for whoever set foot in the house on real or pretended service—could not be discarded all on a sudden. In vain the weekly accounts were pared to the thinnest proportions; the 'extras' somehow swallowed up the savings. Of course it would be a pang to part with their last attendant; but not so severe as it would have been a few weeks ago. Although her emoluments were the same as before, Lucy was not so easily reconciled to the roughness of the new régime as were her mistress and the young ladies; and she complained of the lack of 'society.' Margate's gossip—for it is not to be supposed that Nature had denied her the usual topics of conversation—itsself by no means piquant, was also entirely local; while 'the gurl,' as the third retainer of the family was scornfully denominated by the lady's-maid, was a mere sponge or sucker. Her ears—and mouth—were open for everything, but there was no reciprocity. We cannot all of us be self-denying for ever; it is something if one makes a temporary sacrifice at the shrine of duty, and poor Lucy had found by this time that her promise of life-long service to her old employers would be not a little irksome to keep. So she was parting from them, though on the best of terms; and in the meantime Kitty was learning to 'make herself useful' about the house—a very elastic phrase, which, as we have seen, included lamp-trimming. A neater-handed Phyllis than Kitty it is impossible to imagine; and whatever she set her hand to she graced. If you could have seen her now, as she comes up the oaken stair with the lamp, burnished, and throwing its mellow light upon her golden hair, you would have said that the Daltons had one family ornament at least still left to them, one rare and beautiful picture, which—however humble its frame—would not escape the judicious eye of the connoisseur.

'Congratulate me, mamma, upon my success,' said she, as she stepped carefully into the parlour over the raised threshold that had been very literally a stumbling-block from generation to generation of the dwellers in the Nook: 'does it not burn well?'

There was no reply; and hastily setting down the lamp, Kitty looked around her in some trepidation. Under the deep window-seat where she had herself been sitting a few minutes before, lay a motionless figure.

'Mamma!' shrieked she, in an agony, and was down on her knees beside her in a second; then, 'Lucy! Margate! Help! help!' rang through the old house.

Her first thought was of physical aid, and there-

fore she did not call Jenny; yet Jenny arrived somehow—though her chamber was farthest off—as soon as the others. When the kitchen-girl, rushing in with the rest, wrung her hands and cried: 'She is dead, she is dead!' it was Jenny who said: 'Hush, fool!' as Margate afterwards observed, 'like a man,' and took the direction of affairs.

'Lift her up and put her on the sofa,' was the order that three pair of strong and willing arms promptly obeyed; and in the meantime, Jenny's own hands had removed the pillow.

'Yes; she has fainted—that is all, Jenny,' whispered Kitty with anxious pleading.

'How did it happen? Where did you find her?' returned the other, in the same low voice.

'Just as you saw her. I had left the room for the lamp, only a minute or two.'

'What is that newspaper in the corner?'

'It is what the books were wrapped in; mamma had just taken them up.'

Jenny walked quickly forward and picked up the paper. Her eye glancing quickly over the page, fell at once on the heading: *Supposed Loss of the Flamborough Head*. 'Good Heavens, Kitty, mamma has read it—the paragraph about the wreck.—Margate, some one must go for Dr Curzon instantly: not one moment is to be lost.'

'Indeed, ma'am, there is not a soul to send—if we had known it before the carrier had gone; but there is not a man nearer than Farmer Baynton's; and the snow'—

'I will go,' cried a small voice half-choked with sobs; and Tony, who had crept in unobserved, and was standing by his mother's side in a passion of silent grief, instantly left the room, and the next moment was seen flying across the courtyard.

'The poor child has not even put on his cloak,' murmured Margate pitifully. The night was falling, and the snow was deep; but at that awful time, with that lifeless form and death-like face lying before them, neither Kitty nor Jenny could think of aught save her who had given them being.

### STORY OF THE LUTINE.

ON one of the closing days of the last century, the good ship *Lutine* left the shores of England, laden with a vast amount of treasure; on the following night she was wrecked on the north-west coast of Holland, and all the treasure went to the bottom. Hence arose the most remarkable case of 'salvage' operations ever known—operations not even now concluded, although more than three-quarters of a century has since elapsed. The newspapers and magazines at that time set down the value of the treasure, some at one hundred and forty thousand pounds, some at six hundred thousand; this grew to one million five hundred thousand, and at length mounted up to three millions sterling. There was, therefore, abundant scope for what would nowadays be called 'sensational' newspaper writing.

That a shipwreck should occur at that particular spot was not matter for surprise, seeing what fierce battles had long been going on there between land and water. The great gulf in North Holland called the *Zuider Zee*, now open to the German Ocean, was at one time an inland lake, separated from the sea by a continuous line of coast, low

and sandy, but still unbroken. On a particular night in the thirteenth century, the sea, under the influence of a furious north-west gale, broke through the barrier, and opened a channel to the inland lake. Later in the same century a second irruption took place, involving the sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives. Since then, an almost constant shifting of the sands has led to the formation of a number of low islands, which appear on the map something like a semicircular girdle on the seaward side of the entrance to the Zuider Zee. These low islands bear the names of Wieringen, Texel, Vlieland, Schelling, Ameland, Schiermonnik, Rottum, Borkum, &c. Fringed with numerous shoals and sandbanks, they are separated by channels which are constantly shifting their directions and dimensions. The inhabitants hereabout are mostly hardy pilots and fishermen; but even they are embarrassed by the insecurity of their homes and the intricacies of the navigation. Ships of every class and almost every nation have been wrecked on that bit of treacherous coast; among them the *Lutine*.

In what way the freighting of the ship was managed, partly by the government and partly by merchants, has never been fully known, until a recent investigation of the subject by the examination of official documents brought to light the facts. Some public writers stated that the treasure on board was consigned by English merchants to their correspondents at Hamburg; some that it was sent by the British government to Texel, to pay the British troops at that time in Holland; some that it was a subsidy to the Dutch government; while others spoke of the crown jewels of Holland being on board, after having been reset by Messrs Rundell and Bridge, at that time the leading goldsmiths and jewellers in London. The truth appears to have comprised portions of most of these statements.

In September 1799, the Treasury transmitted a letter to the Admiralty, announcing that a large amount of silver coin was about to be sent to Texel, for the payment of British troops stationed there, as also a consignment of bullion to Hamburg; and requesting the Admiralty to furnish a vessel or vessels suitable for the purpose. The silver coin was speedily sent off in the *Amethyst*, which safely conveyed it to its destination; but similar good fortune did not attend the bullion. The Admiralty sent an order to Admiral Duncan, commander-in-chief of the North Sea naval squadron, 'to send a cutter to Gravesend, for the service of receiving on board some bullion and conveying it to the Elbe.' (The Elbe is the important river on the banks of which the city of Hamburg is situated.) Admiral Duncan made arrangements for sending either the cutter *Nile*, under Lieutenant Wood, or the armed cutter *Courier*, under Lieutenant Terrel; but when the merchants, bankers, and bullion-dealers heard that a vessel of war was to be employed on this service, they sent valuable consignments so largely to Duncan, that he thought a better defended vessel should be selected. He chose the *Lutine*, a French thirty-two-gun brig which he himself had captured, and which, clipped of the preliminary *La* in its name, had been added to the British fleet. Taking in a cargo of immense value, in bullion and other treasure, the *Lutine*, under Captain Lancelot Skynner, set sail from Yarmouth on the

9th of October—whether for Texel, or Hamburg, or both, is not even now quite clear. Before the Admiralty received Duncan's letter announcing the departure of the *Lutine* from Yarmouth, the unfortunate vessel was a hopeless wreck.

There was no Baron Reuter in those days, no submarine telegraph, no rapid means of communicating news by a flash from the continent to the British coast. More than a week elapsed before the Admiralty received official despatches relating to the disaster; although the underwriters or marine insurers knew about it much more speedily—one example, among many, of commercial enterprise outstripping the government. Admiral Mitchell, stationed off the Dutch coast, announced in a despatch that the hapless *Lutine* had been wrecked on the outward bank of the Vlieland Passage, in a heavy gale from the north-north-west. The *Arrow*, under Captain Portlock, and several other vessels, came to render assistance as soon as the disaster was known, but all without avail; for the *Lutine*, which struck in the night, was nowhere to be seen when day dawned; she had gone to pieces—the main portions sunk, and the fragments floating about. The treasure, whatever may have been its amount, of course sank by its own weight. But, more sad to tell, the officers and crew lost their lives, all except two men; and even these were able to give but little information concerning the disaster, for one of them died soon afterwards from the fatigue he had encountered; while the other, Mr Shabrack, a notary-public (there were a few passengers on board) was not versed in seafaring matters.

The government money for paying the British troops had mostly gone to Texel by the previous vessel, which had escaped disaster; the treasure on board the *Lutine* was the property of mercantile firms, and was consigned to Hamburg. As is customary in such cases, the treasure had been insured in marine insurance offices, or by underwriters; and when the loss of the vessel had been clearly certified, the underwriters promptly paid the heavy demands made upon them. When insured property is lost, the wreck or *débris*, under the name of *salvage*, belongs to the office or the underwriters, and is collected and brought to market so far as may be practicable. When, however, a ship is wrecked on a foreign coast, other considerations have to be attended to; and so it was in this case.

How the seas and the sands have been made to give up much treasure from the *Lutine* during a period of three-quarters of a century, and why it is that the enterprise is not ended even yet, we have now to tell.

The Admiralty sent orders to Admiral Mitchell to do what could be done to recover the stores and bullion from the wrecked ship; while Lloyd's Committee, representing the underwriters, sent out salvage-officers on a somewhat similar errand, for it was known that the treasure had belonged much more to mercantile firms than to the government. The two governments put in rival claims, but did not enforce them; the salvage-men could do nothing without well-appointed diving appliances; and thus it happened that for a considerable time the wreck was left to the fishermen of the neighbouring coast and islands, who managed to bring to light a harvest of treasure now and then. The wreck of the ship was partly exposed at very

low ebb, about midway between the islands of Terschelling and Vlieland, with the IZergat Channel close to it. In a year and a half the fishermen recovered no less than eighty thousand pounds worth of bullion: comprising fifty-eight bars of gold, thirty-five bars of silver, forty-two thousand Spanish silver pistoles, two hundred and twelve half-pistoles, one hundred and seventy-nine gold pistoles, with small quantities of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth pistoles, single and double louis d'ors, English guineas and half-guineas. The fishermen conducted their operations under sanction of the Dutch government, who took two-thirds of the proceeds, leaving one-third to the finders; the government share was taken to Dordrecht, and minted into about fifty-six thousand pounds worth of Dutch guilders. The fishermen suspended their operations at the end of 1801, because the wrecked hull of the *Lutine* had become covered with a great depth of sand, and because they formed an opinion (afterwards known to be incorrect) that the store of treasure was pretty nearly exhausted. One day they found a small packet of silver spoons, marked W. S.; they sent these to England, where they were recognised by the Rev. Mr Skynner as having belonged to his son, Captain Skynner, who commanded the *Lutine*. They also sent over a curiously shaped sword, stamped—'Cullum, King's Cutler, Charing Cross, London'; it was found to have belonged to Lieutenant Charles Gastine Aufère, of the same vessel. Sadly strange it was that not one dead body was ever fished up; either they had floated away seaward, or had sunk deeply into the sand.

In those troubled warlike times, when Holland shifted its alliance from England to France and from France to England, as exigence compelled, the two governments had more important matters to think about than the poor wrecked *Lutine*; the fishermen ceased to search for treasure; while Lloyd's agents found they had practically little power in the matter; and thus it arose that the first thirteen years of the present century passed without much being done in connection with the wrecked treasure-ship. In 1814, however, a gentleman of Terschelling, M. Pierre Eschanzier, filling the office of Oppor Strand Vonder, wrote to inform the Dutch government that there was reason to believe in the existence of a large amount of treasure still in the *Lutine*. The ticketed gold and silver bars found had numbers and letters marked on them; the whole store had probably such numbers and letters in consecutive order; and there were great gaps here and there, inasmuch that he inferred that the bars still immersed in the sand and water were at least tenfold more numerous than those which had been fished up. Here was a tempting suggestion; here was a golden harvest ready to be reaped, if only the reapers were expert and persevering enough!

The Dutch government made a grant for the prosecution of renewed search. They began mainly by dredging, but found that the body of the wreck was far too deeply imbedded in shifting sands to be reached by that process. Tediously lingering were the operations for seven years, during which lengthened period the dredgers brought up only seventeen pieces of coin—a very sorry crop! In 1821 an agreement was made to the effect that the Dutch government would

advance a certain sum of money on condition of receiving one-half of whatever treasure might be recovered. M. Eschanzier organised a society or company for supplying the rest of the means and carrying on the operations. A diving-bell and divers were obtained from England, and many attempts were made in 1822; but unsuccessfully. As not even a buoy could be kept steady among the ever-shifting sands, the exact locality of the wreck could not be determined. A sum of five thousand pounds was spent that summer, and no treasure fished up; the divers returned to England, the Dutch government bought the diving-bell, and M. Eschanzier and his colleagues retired from an enterprise which had brought them much anxiety and no profit.

All this time we hear little of Lloyd's Committee and the English underwriters. But they suddenly woke up. The doings of the Dutch attracted attention. The underwriters at Lloyd's felt that if the wrecked *Lutine* still contained any treasure, the treasure or its value belonged commercially and equitably to them, who had honourably paid all the losses arising out of the insurance. They appealed to Mr Canning, who opened communications with the Hague; and the Dutch government agreed to hand over their half of the possible salvage to Lloyd's. Mr Canning advised Lloyd's to be content with that half, and to leave the other half to the Eschanzier alliance or syndicate, with whom friendly working arrangements might probably be made. Diplomacy took a curious form on this occasion. The Dutch government made the cession to the British government, not to Lloyd's, 'solely as a proof of friendly feeling towards the kingdom of Great Britain, and in nowise from a conviction of the right of England to any portion of the said cargo.' Here we see that there were the materials for a pretty quarrel, if quarrelling had been the tendency of the two nations; the Dutch government claimed as salvage all wreck on the coast of Holland, and merely waived their claim on this occasion. The Dutch Alliance greatly disliked all this; they regarded Lloyd as an interloper. Nothing effective was done by either party from 1823 to 1830, when the instrumentality of England in bringing about the independence of Belgium so offended the Dutch as to convert coolness into anger; M. Eschanzier, too, died about this time, and left no one behind him who cared about the matter.

The poor *Lutine* had sixteen years more of such rest as the ever-shifting sands would permit to her. A change in the Dutch laws, declaring that the salvage of all wrecks on the outer banks of the coast should be open to all persons on stipulated conditions, induced two English divers, Messrs Hill and Doves, to petition the king of Holland for permission to dive for treasure in the *Lutine*. This was in 1846. It came to no practical results, and was followed by a long negotiation between Lloyd's and the remnant of the old Dutch Salvage Alliance. The Dutchmen woke up from time to time, and then went asleep again. Not until 1857 did a real working treaty come into operation; the Dutch to make all the research, Lloyd's to have half the proceeds.

Joy came over the dismal spot. A fierce south-west gale blew away some of the shifting sand that had so long buried the *Lutine*, and permitted approach to it. Lloyd's agent was soon able to



send home news that coins had been fished up, sufficient at all events to shew that the treasure-ship was not yet really empty. A whole fleet of fishing vessels came out from the Zuider Zee to aid in the golden search; and the Dutch government had some trouble in maintaining order among them. Year after year, something or other was fished up—now the ship's bell, after a silence of two generations; now a part of the ship's rudder; now a packet of gold bars, now silver bars. Between 1857 and 1861, the findings were such as to provide about twenty-two thousand pounds as Lloyd's share. The harvest was so small in 1861 as not to pay the cost of search; and not much has since been done. Nevertheless, an act of parliament in England, and an understanding with the Dutch government, gave to Lloyd's Committee a continuous ownership of the *Lutine* and her contents; and it is within the range of fair probability that we shall again, from time to time, hear of dredging and diving near the remains of the poor old brig. Much depends upon whether the sand is drifted back again over the wreck, and channels closed up by furious gales. Lloyd's are not to pocket the treasure that may come to their share. When the Royal Exchange was destroyed by fire in 1838, most of the documents were lost which might have identified the original underwriters of the *Lutine* in 1799; and there are not now the means of determining who are the successors or representatives of those persons. The salvage proceeds are to be applied 'for purposes connected with shipping or marine insurance, according to a scheme to be prepared by the Society (Lloyd's), and confirmed by Order of Her Majesty in Council, on the recommendation of the Board of Trade—subject to previous public notice, and to any claim by individuals that may be put forth and proved.'

Whoever has occasion to visit the Library at Lloyd's, among the up-stairs apartments at the Royal Exchange, will there see something which serves as a memento of the *Lutine*. A table and chair have been made from the old broken rudder, which was fished up in 1859, and bears an inscription recording the wreck of the hapless vessel. On the table is placed the ship's bell, weighing about eighty pounds, and in excellent condition; it is stamped with the name 'Saint Jean,' and with the crown and arms of Louis XVI. of France, the sovereign to whom *La Lutine* originally belonged. The bell will never again tell the hour to any ship's crew; nevertheless, it is an interesting though silent witness to an eventful catastrophe recorded in the annals of a period seventy-seven years back.

## DASHMARTON'S LEGACY.

### CHAPTER II.

IN the prospectus which Lucy put forth regarding her school project, one of the referees was the Rev. Tresilian Whitwick, M.A., of Friddenden Lodge. She had humbled herself to ask this favour of him, and he had graciously consented. As to what had passed, however, between Mrs Whitwick and herself on the day of her father's death, she heard not a word more. That lady studiously ignored the whole subject, and Lucy did not desire to bring it to remembrance. Under present circumstances, it would have been a great temptation had she been offered a good home at the hands of Tresilian;

but she was glad to be spared the temptation, though the thought was a bitter one that she was deemed no more worthy of his attentions.

Alfred Harvey had not returned yet—having been away nearly four months. It would be the same with him, no doubt; she could not expect anything else. She had discouraged him in the palmy days of her prosperity, and she had no reason to imagine that he would continue a hopeless suit under such altered circumstances.

Spiller had made one attempt to obtain employment. He had penned a formal letter of application to the trustees of the Chilprune estate for the agency vacant by his father's death. Old Lord Tancanville, who was one of the trustees, was rather pleased with this letter, and would have helped the youth if he could. But Elkins, who had a good deal to say in the matter now, as a confidential adviser, set his face strongly against it. Thus Spiller was informed that the trustees had made other arrangements, and were unable to entertain his application; and so this outlet was finally closed against him.

After this, the brother became a source of much anxiety to the sister. The little house she had taken at Friddenden was of course his home, till he could get something to do. One thing he had learned thoroughly in his university career—namely, to play billiards. The *White Hart* at Friddenden boasted a well-attended billiard-room, where pool went on almost every night, and Spiller's skill at this amusement brought him in a considerable amount of pocket-money. This involved late hours and a good deal of general discredit, and did not redound to the advantage of the young schoolmistress's establishment, as Lucy bitterly felt and deplored. But she could do nothing with Spiller now—her influence over him seemed altogether gone—she saw him gradually sinking lower and lower into the character of a mere tavern-haunter, and she could do nothing to help him out of the mire. At this juncture she heard that Alfred Harvey was coming home.

It was night, and Lucy Dashmorton was in bed, and almost asleep, when the dog-cart went past that brought Alfred Harvey from the station. There was a little pleasant excitement in the knowledge that he had really come home, and yet—well, Alfred Harvey was one of those men who are perhaps most lovable at a distance, when their sterling qualities shine forth through the rough outer coating. She had become almost fond of Alfred as long as he was in America; but now, with his harsh voice and uncouth ways, she felt that she would at once become disenchanted.

Spiller had not come home yet. He rarely came home till the billiard-room at the *White Hart* had closed its doors for the night, which was between one and two o'clock, usually. Spiller was gradually developing a mania for gambling. His sister saw it, but was helpless to prevent it. There might have been not so much harm, if he had kept to billiards; but there was a little room leading out of the billiard-room where it was said games of even greater risk were indulged in on occasions. Amongst the occasional frequenters of this little back-room was Mr Whitwick, the father of Tresilian, who, although in a general way kept tightly in hand by his wife, continued to break loose now and then, and indulge his favourite

passion; and the story went in the town that he had lost twenty pounds to Spiller Dashmarton in one night, and that his wife had found it out, and was dreadfully angry.

Altogether, Lucy had a fair share of trouble and vexation of spirit to occupy her mind in the night-watches, when she was in a wakeful mood. To-night, she was especially wakeful. Harvey's return had banished sleep for a while, and, now that she sought to bring it back, it would not come to her. So she heard the clocks strike twelve and one, and at about half-past one, footsteps approached the door. It was Spiller returning, no doubt. He and a companion, it seemed, with whom he was talking. The voice of the latter was raised rather loudly, and it seemed as if Spiller were trying to soothe and conciliate him.

'Well, good-night, old fellow,' said Spiller as they reached the door. 'You'll find that all right in a day or two.'

'You'll find yourself all wrong, if it isn't,' was the reply, in a tone more menacing than friendly; and the speaker turned on his heel and departed.

Spiller was down in time for an early breakfast, for a wonder, next morning; and Lucy hailed the fact as one of encouraging promise; for her wayward brother had got into the way of lying in bed till one or two o'clock in the afternoon. He was as well there perhaps as anywhere else, but Lucy with her active habits thought such laziness quite sad and unnatural. His object, however, in this early rising was to have some talk with his sister before she went in to school.

'I met a man last night,' said he, 'who knew a lot of my Cambridge friends—indeed, he has come over here partly to see me.'

'The one who came to the door with you last night?'

'Yes,' said Spiller, a little confused. 'Did you hear anything he said?'

'Nothing—except that he seemed put out with you about something.'

'Why, the fact is,' said the youth, rushing into the middle of his subject, 'I owe him some money—and he's dunning me for it.'

'How much is it, Spiller?' asked Lucy faintly.

'Well, fifty pounds would pretty nearly square it.'

'Fifty pounds!' cried Lucy, in dismay. Then after a pause: 'Well, you can't pay him, Spiller, and you had better tell him so at once, fully and fairly, and not delude him with false promises. What chance have you of getting fifty pounds "in a day or two"?''

'Then you heard that,' said Spiller, assuming an aggrieved air. 'I didn't think you would go eaves-dropping like that.'

'I heard it, because I could not help it,' said Lucy. 'Why don't you tell your friend at once that we are ruined, and haven't got a halfpenny in the world but what I may earn at this poor school.'

'You could borrow the money from Mrs Whitwick,' suggested Spiller. 'I know she would lend you it, you are such a favourite of hers.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall not borrow money for such unworthy purposes, even if I could.'

'Not even to save your only brother from prison?'

Lucy shook her head.

'Nor even from self-destruction?'

'I don't fear that,' said Lucy. 'You are too

fond of yourself, Spiller, to have any promptings that way.'

'I don't know,' replied the young man; 'I should have a good example before me if I did, and upon my honour that seems the only way out of it.'

'What do you mean by a good example?' inquired Lucy, trembling.

'I mean a good example,' replied Spiller, mockingly. 'Are there not all kinds of examples in history? Cato and Brutus, and lots of fellows.'

'You didn't mean that,' cried Lucy, bursting into tears; 'you meant to wound me about poor papa. But I tell you it is false; and every one knows that it is false. Was there not a long investigation, and did not everybody exonerate papa?'

'Yes; that verdict was conclusive, certainly,' assented Spiller, getting up, and beginning to whistle carelessly as he arranged his necktie at the little pier-glass. 'Well, I'm going out now, Lucy, and if I don't come back, you won't be uneasy. I shall be a good riddance for you, after all.'

'Don't talk like that,' cried Lucy, going to him and throwing her arms round his neck; 'don't make life harder for me than it is. You know if I had that money you should have it, even if I worked myself to death to make it up. But I haven't it, and I can't get it.'

'Haven't you any money at all, Lucy? Not a five-pound note even, as a sop to stay the fellow for a while?'

'Look here!' said Lucy, opening her desk, and shewing Spiller the receptacle where she kept her money. 'Here are thirty shillings. It will be three weeks before I get any money from my pupils, and even then I can't count upon it; and here is what is left to keep us. Take it, if you will.'

Spiller shook his head. 'That's no good,' he said. 'But for all that, I think you could borrow some. I know somebody who would let you have a hundred, in a minute.'

'Pray, who?' asked Lucy, with heightened colour.

'Why, Alfred Harvey. He came home last night, and he'll do it in a minute for you.'

'What! "the common cad"?''

'Was that what I called him?' asked Spiller, with a forced laugh. 'Well, upon my word, I was right; he is an odious cad. But circumstances alter cases. Tresilian has declared off, and'—

'And you would sell your sister to pay your debts! Thank you, Spiller; I know what brotherly affection is now,' she cried with a sob.

'I would do as much for you, Lucy. But I shan't ask you again. It is all U P with me now—very well, let it be U P.'

'But, Spiller,' cried Lucy—the clock had just struck nine, and the murmur of voices and shuffling of feet were heard from the schoolroom—'promise me, dear, don't do anything rash. What I can do for you, I will. But I must have time to think. You won't give way to despair, dear brother; remember you are all I have left now. Promise.'

'Well, I promise you I'll not do anything desperate either to-day or to-morrow—after that, I don't know,' said the obliging youth.

So Lucy was fain to be content with this, and went off to her schoolroom, whilst Spiller strolled away to the *White Hart* to face his unwelcome visitor.

Morning school had come to an end, the children had all departed, and Lucy had retired to her little parlour to think over her brother's troubles. Ah, that fifty pounds—if she had it, and for her own purposes, how much she might do with it. With a little, a very little capital, she could take a larger house and have boarders, and in that way she might form the nucleus of a really good, paying school. But Spiller stood in the way of that too, even if she dared adventure it. She could not turn him out of the house, and yet with such an inmate she saw clearly that a boarding-school was impracticable.

Here she heard the outer gate swing to, and a heavy, quick tread upon the garden walk.

'Please, 'm, a gentleman to see you,' announced Emily, the little maid, next moment. And in walked Mr Alfred Harvey.

'You see I've kept my promise,' cried Alfred, taking her hands and squeezing them till Lucy was almost breathless with pain. The first greeting in coming home, the last going away. 'Well, how are you getting on?'

Alfred was decidedly not improved in appearance, thought Lucy, by his American expedition. He wore a tall Yankee silk-hat, which did not suit him at all; and his once bushy beard had been pared and trimmed after the billy-goat fashion; and then he had taken up a little of the Yankee twang, which, added to his own natural burr, had an unmusical result.

'You are not looking amiss, Lucy,' said Alfred, shaking her hands again, and looking into her face with his head leaning first on one side, then on the other. 'No, considering all things, you seem to have kept your health pretty well, thank God.'

'Yes, considering all things,' said Lucy with a sigh. 'Of course you have heard all about us?'

'Yes, yes,' said Alfred. 'Terrible bad job that—terrible bad job. Didn't hear of it, though, till a month ago, right in the Far West; and I've been travelling homewards ever since.'

'Did you have a good passage home?' asked Lucy, to break an awkward pause of silence that followed this announcement.

'Middlin,' said Alfred absently. 'Yes,' he went on, 'I came over as quick as ever I could, after that—as quick as ever I could. Well, I'm glad to see you looking so well, Lucy.'

There was another awkward pause, during which Alfred still continued to gaze on Lucy with an admiring but undecided air.

'I have got a nice little school together, you will be glad to know,' said Lucy desperately; 'in fact, I have succeeded better than I could have expected, for a first quarter.'

'Ah, next quarter we shall do better—yes, yes,' repeated Alfred, shaking his head, still in an absent-minded way. Another pause of stillness succeeded.

'Well,' he continued after a while, stretching out his arms as if he were about to grapple with a sack of wheat, 'I've got this job to do, and I must do it. —Lucy, I don't want to harrow up your feelings, not to harrow 'em up without occasion; but what I want to ask you is this: do you remember my coming to say good-bye, the night before I sailed?'

'Yes; of course I remember that.'

'Very well. And you know that I had a long talk with your poor father before I went away?'

'Yes; I recollect that too.'

'Well, the subject of our conversation was—Miss Lucy Dashmorton. Says I to your poor father: "I'm going away for two or three months, and perhaps longer, and nobody knows what may happen in that time. Now, before I go, I want to make it right with your daughter Lucy." Your father took me by the hand, and says he: "Alfred, you have my best good wishes." Well, I needn't tell you what he said about me; anyhow, he thought me fit to be his daughter's husband. But he said: "Alfred, don't you speak to her before you go; the girl is unprepared for it, and you'll get perhaps an answer you won't like; but take my word for it, Lucy likes you well enough; and when you are gone, she'll begin to find it out. Now you promise me?" Well, I thought the old man was right, and I promised. But I pretty nigh broke my promise, I can tell you, when I stood beside you at the gate and said good-bye. What would you have said, Lucy, if I'd taken you in my arms then and there, and given you a hundred kisses?'

'I should have been most indignant,' returned Lucy proudly. 'Please don't talk so absurdly.'

'Well, you'd a narrow escape of it then,' said Alfred; 'but your father came along, and we drove off together. Well, I was to put him down at Ashleyhurst, and so I did. "Alfred," he said just before I pulled up, "life's uncertain, and you and I may never meet again. I've written a letter here for my little girl, and I give it you to take care of. When she reads that, she'll know what her father's wishes were; and depend upon it, Alfred," he said, "they will go a good way with her; only you must promise me two things." "What are they?" I asked. "First, that you'll not trust it into any other hands but yours to deliver; and next, that you'll not come home any the sooner for what I've said to you to-day." "There's my hand on it," said I, and then your father gave me the letter; and here it is,' continued Alfred, producing from the breast-pocket of his coat a little packet carefully wrapped up in brown paper. 'There it is, Lucy. It's been with me wherever I went, speaking hope and comfort. But I know that you must feel it a good bit, through what has happened since, so I shall leave you to read it by yourself. I shall come for an answer to-morrow. I'm going to see father and mother now, Lucy; so good-bye.'

When he was gone she averted her head, and tore open the letter; and as she did so, something light and rustling fell from the envelope to the ground. It was a Bank of England note for five hundred pounds.

The letter of John Dashmorton to his daughter was short and hurried, written in an almost undecipherable scrawl; but after a little difficulty, Lucy made out the following:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER—Alfred Harvey is a good fellow; marry him if you can; make up your mind to it, dear. Inclosed is what I could save out of the fire; it will buy you gowns and ribbons if you marry, or keep you a little while if you don't. Lucy, you must take it: all I could save. It was your mother's money; she brought me as much as that when we married. Keep it, dear, promise me; and let no one see this letter, as you value your father's blessing. Good-bye for ever and ever, my own dear daughter.—YOUR UNHAPPY FATHER.

There was a blister on the sheet, as if a hot

despairing tear had been dropped upon it. Lucy pressed the blotted scrawl to her lips, to her heart. There was no doubt in her mind now—none. Her father had done this dreadful deed; he had destroyed his own life. That letter and the circumstances attending it would prove as much to any one who read it. No one must ever see it, or know that he had sent her that money.

What care he had taken in all his troubles that the money should reach her, and in such a way that she could hardly refuse to avail herself of it! Had it been left in her hands before his death, she would have given it up, of course, to the managers of the Chilprune estate, to reduce the amount of defalcations. But could she do this now without explaining all the circumstances, and revealing to the world that her father had been a suicide, and, as every one would say, a robber? It was a cruel position to be in. Then there came upon her the thought of how much this money would do for them. It would set her up in a way of making a good living; it would give Spiller another term at Cambridge, where he could take his degree; and then, who knows but he might take orders, and become a respectable curate in some country parish, out of the reach of temptation and bad company.

Lucy could not make up her mind what she ought to do. She would do what was right, if she could only find it out. But what *was* the right? The estate had seized everything it could lay its hands on. They had given up everything that their father had left behind; and this money, that had come in this unlooked-for way, that had been her mother's dowry too, was it not rightly if not legally hers? Would it be any consolation to her, when she had given up this little capital which would be salvation to them, to swell the hoards of the little Lady Chilprune, when she saw her brother sinking step by step into a mere tavern-haunter and gambler, herself toiling on, losing heart and hope, earning just enough to save them from starvation, or hardly that? Would it be any good to her, having wrecked both their lives and sullied her father's memory, that she might hug herself upon the possession of a superfine sense of honour, that perhaps had its root only in an exaggerated personal pride?

Spiller came in presently, and informed his sister that he was going to dine with his friend that afternoon in the *White Hart*, but that he would bring him over afterwards to partake of coffee.

'You are still on friendly terms with your creditor, then?'

'O yes, we are capital friends; only, he wants his money, and will be in a desperate state without it.'

'I had much rather you brought your friends here than spent the evening playing cards at the *White Hart*. That is, if they are respectable. Is he respectable, this friend?'

'Highly so,' said Spiller; 'he's well connected, and very pleasant in manner. I think you'll like him, Lucy. By the way, hasn't Alfred Harvey been here to-day?'

'Yes,' replied Lucy shortly.

'Oh, you didn't try that on, eh? The matter of the loan?'

'No, I did not; I said not a word about it.'

'Then you are still determined to let me go to prison?'

'Now tell me, Spiller,' said Lucy, with an expression of serious determination on her face, 'if you were to get this fifty pounds, would that clear you of your debts?'

'Why, not quite; but there would be nothing pressing: the rest would do at any time.'

'And how much would it take to complete your terms at Cambridge, and pass your B.A.?'

'Well, a hundred and fifty would do it comfortably.'

'And if a friend, a kind dear friend, found this money, would you promise to give up all this gambling and public-house work, and take orders, and become a decent respectable man?'

'Indeed, I would,' said Spiller eagerly. 'Don't think I'm fond of the life I'm leading—I hate it. But what can I do? I should go mad, to sit at home all day long and think of past and future. Give me but a chance; let me but see my way. Lucy, I'll read, I'll study, I will never touch card or cue again.'

'Dear boy,' cried Lucy, kissing him affectionately. 'I knew there was good in you, Spiller, and that you would work through your little follies. When would you begin this new course of life?'

'When I get the money,' said Spiller cautiously. Lucy sighed, and turned away. The money was locked up in her desk. Should she tell him? No; she must have time to think it out.

'Don't build upon it, dear brother, for I don't know how far I have been justified in talking of this dear kind friend. It is all in the clouds, you know—as yet.'

'Well, whatever is done,' said Spiller gloomily, 'must be done quickly, if it's to be any good. Once I'm blown upon, and it's all U.P.'

The afternoon was a half-holiday as it happened; and Lucy had made up her mind to walk to the little church of Tattenden, about a mile and a half distant by field-path. It was to this parish that Mordieu belonged, and there in the churchyard had John Dashmarton been buried.

It was winter now—dead winter; there was a thin coating of rime upon the ground, and the snow lay in patches under the hedges. The foot-paths were hard and frost-bound, and crackled crisply under the tread. Day was drawing in fast. Already, only an orange patch in the horizon shewed where the sun had sunk to his nightly rest. Here and there a star was twinkling with pale-yellow gleam in the vault overhead, that had here a sea-green tinge, and was there darkening into purple.

It was almost dark as Lucy entered the churchyard, all silent and tranquil, where the dead so quietly slept. She had hoped that in her walk some revelation might have come to her of the course she should pursue; but she stood still undecided by the side of her father's grave. Lucy was shocked to see how bare and neglected it looked, as if belonging to one upon whom a secret ban had been set. The turf above it was brown and withered, shewing here and there rents and seams in the frost-bound earth beneath. No headstone had been put up as yet; there had been no time to think of that—and no money indeed. This should be seen to at once, said Lucy to herself. His grave should not lie neglected and bare, like that of some homeless wanderer or nameless suicide. Ah! what a bitter thought it was—of her father's life and death! What evil had he



done to any man, that this should be the end? Was he not always kind, considerate, a friend in need, a help to the widow and fatherless? A genial, hospitable man indeed, but an enemy to riot and excess. He had squandered no money in riotous living, had never ground the faces of the poor, nor made a market out of their distress. It was to provide more handsomely for his children, that he had been led to speculate, misled by artfully baited falsehoods and lying promises. Then he had grown desperate with losses, had plunged deep and deeper still, losing money too that was not his own, and thus made an end of all. This was a daughter's estimate, that perhaps left out many things that weighed heavily against him. But she was not the one to reproach him. There was nothing in her heart but blessings for him, could they only reach him—could they only penetrate this cruel frozen earth, and whisper comfort to him in his last long sleep.

The orphaned girl was turning away sadly, her mind still full of doubt and uncertainty, when she heard distant voices, the owners of which were invisible, but who appeared to be approaching by the very path she would have to traverse. Shrinking from observation and casual greetings, she retreated into the church porch, a favourite resting-place on hot Sunday afternoons. As the persons approached, Lucy thought that one of the voices was familiar to her. Yes, one of the talkers was Elkins the auditor. The other voice too, she thought she had heard before; and then she remembered that Lord Tancenville was expected down about this time, and came to the conclusion, rightly, that it was he who was Elkins' companion.

'Ah! a pretty scene this,' said his lordship, coming to a stand just opposite the porch, where a gleam of light was still visible in the west, throwing out the dark-blue distant hills, and repeated in the mirror of a little stream that made a shallow reach just below. 'A very pretty scene! The light glimmering in the cottage window, the smoke curling up against the wood.'

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.'

'Yes,' said Elkins, shivering a little; 'very pretty, but chilly.'

'Well, to resume,' went on Lord Tancenville, striking his stick nervously once or twice on a grave-stone. 'You think it necessary to watch these young people still?'

'I do certainly, my lord. I still adhere to the opinion that the man made up a purse of some kind and left it behind him. It is not likely that the children would make anything but a show of poverty at present; but it will come out by-and-by, when everything has blown over.'

'Well, well,' said his lordship, walking on once more, 'if you think it necessary.'

'Why, look at the young man,' said Elkins, 'squandering money every night at billiards and so on; does that look like real poverty?'

'As far as my experience goes, it does,' replied Lord Tancenville.

'Well,' said Elkins, 'time will shew who's right. I've managed to put the screw on the young gentleman pretty tight, and now we shall see if he goes to the secret hoard.'

Further conversation became inaudible as they passed on; and Lucy crept out of her hiding-

place trembling all over with a kind of guilty terror.

They were watched then, thought she; there were spies about them; perhaps during her absence the house had been entered and searched; perhaps the bank-note had been discovered, and seized as evidence; perhaps they were waiting to arrest her, to carry her off to prison, as a receiver of stolen money!

She hurried breathlessly home, anxious to know the worst; but everything was quiet and undisturbed at the cottage. No one had been, said Emily, the little maid. The bank-note was safe in its receptacle. It must stay there no longer, however. But where to put it? It would not be safe on her own person, for she might be arrested and searched. She could not venture to hide it anywhere in the house, for she had a sort of superstitious estimate of the power of detectives, and believed that they would find out her place of deposit as if by instinct. Before she had come to any decision on the matter, Spiller and his friend appeared at the garden gate. She hurriedly placed the note in her pocket, thinking that after all it would be safer there; but she left her father's letter in her desk.

#### LA CROSSE.

THE newspapers told us some time ago that 'a Canadian team are about to visit England, to display their skill at La Crosse;' and the arrival duly followed the announcement. The uninitiated amongst us have hardly yet become familiar with this use of the word 'team;' but we are learning it by degrees. A 'team' of cricketers went out to Australia; a 'team' of riflemen came over from the continent; a 'team' of oarsmen crossed the Atlantic to challenge a 'team' in the American rivers; and 'teams' of polo-players contend for the honours at Hurlingham.

A few remarks on this word 'team,' before we proceed with our immediate subject. Although thus applied to parties of competitors, each party comprising a definite number of colleagues, the word was undoubtedly first used in reference to wagons and horses; and a most curious question arose about a dozen years ago, whether a 'team' means the wagon as well as the horses, or the horses only. A farmer in Oxfordshire agreed to a clause in his lease, whereby he bound himself to render a certain number of days' 'team-work' for his landlord every year, at any season except at hay or harvest time: the team to consist of 'two horses and one proper person.' The landlord (one of our Midland nobles), or his bailiff, one day requested the farmer to send a cart to fetch coals from a railway station to the ducal precincts—as part of the service to be rendered in lieu of a portion of rent. The farmer agreed to send the horses and a man, leaving the bailiff to provide a cart or wagon. The bailiff expostulated, and pointed to the 'team-work' in the lease. 'Well, here's the team,' said the farmer. 'No; they are only the horses; there can't be a team without a cart or wagon.' 'Nonsense; the horses are the team.' Both parties were obstinate; and as neither would yield to the other, the majesty of the law was appealed to. An action of ejection was commenced by the nobleman against the lessee, for refusing to fulfil a condition or

proviso in the lease; and a common jury gave a verdict against the farmer. Determined not to be beaten, except after a good fight, the farmer appealed; and the judges at Westminster went fully into the matter. They quite enjoyed the episode, for it gave them an opportunity to rake up their stores of knowledge concerning the old English meaning of the word 'team,' and to argue the matter with the counsel on both sides. Cæsar, writers of the medieval times, Spenser, Shakspeare, Roscommon, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Johnson, Walker, Richardson, Bosworth—all were brought into court. It was found that neither plea could really upset the other; two judges decided for the farmer, and one for the duke; and we believe some kind of compromise was arrived at, due to the conflicting use of the term by celebrated writers.

At anyrate, the Canadian players of La Crosse may well contend that they need no wagon or cart to constitute them a 'team'; for, does not sweet Spenser apply the term to a group of graceful swans?

Like a long team of snowy swans on high,  
Which clap their wings and cleave the liquid sky.

The game of La Crosse is so old in America that no one can assign a date for its origin. It was played by the Iroquois and other tribes of Indians far more than a century ago, seeing that it was learned from them by the French Canadians before the English conquest of that part of the American continent. Montreal was once its headquarters, from whence it has travelled west to Toronto; and it is now played alike by the white man and the red man in those regions. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1860, he witnessed the playing of a game, and was elected an honorary member of the Montreal La Crosse Club. A team of Iroquois Indians came over to play the game in England in 1867; a little attention was paid to the subject, and La Crosse Clubs were established at Blackheath, Richmond, and a few other places; but it cannot be said that the game succeeded in naturalising itself in this country. When Prince Arthur (now Duke of Connaught) went to America, he, like his eldest brother, saw the game played by Canadians and Iroquois, and, also like him, was elected an honorary member of the Montreal La Crosse Club. When the public journals announced that a team of Canadians and another of Iroquois intended to visit England, in order to teach us Britishers how to play the game, the announcement was welcomed; for many advocates of healthy open-air sport wish to see La Crosse taken up by our public schools.

La Crosse may be put into comparison with several other sports as a mode of illustrating its character by resemblances in some particulars and differences in others. It partakes a little of cricket, the one having goals and the other wickets; and a little of racquets and racquet tennis, the former having battledores and the latter racquet-bats. It partly resembles football, in the struggle of many players to get close to a ball; in some degree polo, for the same reason; and in a still greater degree hockey, or, as it is termed in Scotland, shinty, in regard to the general mode of play. But it has characteristic features of its own distinct from all these.

There is only one ball used in the game, but as many battledores or bats as there are players.

The ball is smaller than a cricket-ball, eight or nine inches in circumference, and four ounces weight; it is made of india-rubber in what is called the 'spongy' state, solid rubber being too hard for the purpose. The battledore consists of a kind of network-spoon at one end, with a handle of light hickory, and is nearly six feet in total length; it is usually held in play—not with one hand as the racquet-bat—but with two as the cricket-bat or the croquet mallet. The netting which forms the lower end of the battledore consists of strings of catgut (strings of deerskin as originally constructed by the North American Indians), stretched across a pear-shaped frame in opposite directions, with sufficient looseness to allow the netting to assume a somewhat hollowed or concave form, approaching to that of a spoon or scoop. The battledore is called by the Canadians the *crosse*, perhaps in reference to the crossed strings of the netting; and the game seems to have hence derived its name. The goals or wickets are posts or poles about six feet in height, with small distinguishing flags; the red goal, belonging to one team or party, near one end of the field, the blue near the other end; each goal consists of two of these posts, placed six feet apart.

The field and the fielding are not so definitely prescribed in La Crosse as in cricket. In the latter, allowing for occasional exceptions, there are eleven players on each side; all the eleven on one side, and two on the other (the batsmen), are engaged at once; the wickets are a definite distance apart (twenty-two yards or sixty-six feet); and there is something like an approach to uniformity in the size of the field or playing-ground. In La Crosse, on the contrary, the number of players, the distance between the goals, and the size of the field, may be varied considerably without affecting the general character of the game. The greater the number of players, the more elbow-room they require. As little as a hundred yards, as much as a mile, have been named as extreme limits to the length of the field. All the players on both sides are engaged at once, and very energetic exertions they are called upon to make. Each team has its captain, who directs the positions and movements of all the other players. As the incidents of the game bring many of the players pell-mell together—now here, now there; now (to the somewhat bewildered eye of an uninitiated spectator) everywhere at once—the opposing teams require to be distinguished by some predominant colour, say red in the one case and blue in the other, in their caps, vests, leggings, or other outer garments; the light blue and dark blue of the Cambridge and Oxford University rowing-crews would probably not be distinctive enough.

The field or ground is prepared for play by setting up the red and blue goals, at whatever distance apart may be agreed on; each goal (as we have explained) consisting of two upright posts, and each post surmounted by a small flag, red or blue, according to the side to which it belongs. Each team is subdivided and designated according to the duties to be fulfilled by the several players. One, the *goal-keeper*, or *goal*, stations himself near his goal, to prevent the ball, if possible, from passing through it; a second, known as *point*, is placed somewhat in front or advance of the goal-keeper; a third, the *cover-point*, still farther in

advance; a fourth, the *centre*, takes his place near the middle of the field; a *fifth*, receiving the appellation of *home*, is the farthest removed from the goal, and the nearest to the enemy; while all the others, whatever their number may be, are *fielders*, who rush about to all parts of the field according to the exigencies of the game. A good hold of the ground is necessary for the swift movements of the players; spiked shoes are not allowed, but a kind of moccasin is found to be well suited for the purpose.

Such being the preliminary arrangements, let us now watch the playing of a game. The object of each team is to drive or throw the ball between the posts of the enemy's goal; if this be accomplished, the game is won. The keeper of each goal therefore encourages his colleagues to frustrate any assault upon their goal, while vigorously maintaining an attack on the enemy's. The ball, placed at first on the grass in the centre of the field, becomes truly a creature of circumstances, a sport of fortune; driven hither and thither, never quiet for a moment, but at the mercy of reds and blues alternately or (rather) indiscriminately. It is neither struck with solid wood, as in cricket, trap-ball, and croquet; nor kicked with the foot, as in football; nor tossed from the hand, as in toss-ball; nor struck with an elastic bat, as in racquets and shuttlecock; nor struck with the palm of the hand, as in fives and hand-tennis. The manœuvring is peculiar. The ball is scooped up and then carried. The player who succeeds in getting nearest to it, scrapes or spoons it up with the curved edge of his crosse; he holds it horizontally on the slightly-concave netting, and runs forward swiftly but steadily. If he can nearly reach the enemy's goal, and throw the ball between the posts, he wins the game for his side. But this is just the thing that the enemy won't permit. Supposing the player who has the ball at the instant to be red, he is beset by one or more blue fielders, who dodge his steps, and endeavour to knock the ball off his crosse. It is his turn now to frustrate the blues; when he can no longer keep the ball in safety, he dexterously throws it off his crosse—not at random, but in some direction where a colleague or colleagues happen to be at the moment. A first-rate throw sometimes reaches two hundred yards; but usually the distance is much less than this. And so the game goes on; the reds watching every chance of driving the ball through the blue goal, and the blues defiantly seeking a directly opposite result.

Many conditions have to be observed for the due playing of the game. The ball must not be touched with the hand, except under a few clearly defined exigencies. The players must not come into personal conflict, by striking, kicking, grasping, or tripping up; no one may lay hold of the crosse held by another; the assailant crosse only must touch the ball, or the crosse that supports it, in the endeavour to sweep it off. In doing so he may, and often does, accidentally strike his adversary's person, but not avowedly. It is not requisite that the reds and the blues shall attack the ball alternately; two or more players on the same side may successively have command of the ball, without giving an intervening chance to the other team. Incautious throwing of a ball may bring the team to grief; if driven through the red goal by a red player, it is just as fatal to the

reds as if thrown by one of the blues—like as a cricket batsman may clumsily stump himself out at his own wicket. The player who is carrying the ball on his crosse at any particular moment may hold it high up or low down, straight forward or a little inclined to the right or left while running; but he must mind his Ps and Qs, for if he accidentally lets the ball fall to the ground, there are sharp-eyed and nimble-footed antagonists ready to take advantage of his mishap. Sometimes a skilful player, when closely pursued, will throw the ball off his crosse upward and backward, then rush past the enemy by a return flank movement, and regain command of the ball before the enemy can look about them. Where the field is large and the players numerous, one single game may last for hours, involving an amount of hard running not easy to estimate.

The players from across the Atlantic, already mentioned, comprise about thirty men, in order to insure twenty or twenty-four for each game. The Indians give themselves the fanciful names of 'Deerhound,' 'Wild Wind,' 'Great Arm,' 'The Loon,' 'Hickory Wood-split,' &c.; whether these are their real names, we need not inquire too curiously. The fielders are subdivided into *first field*, *second field*, *third field*, *first home field*, *second home field*, *third home field*, &c. The Canadians or whites have a dress mostly white; while the Indians or reds disport themselves in picturesque red and white stripes, with a slight dash of the semi-barbarian about them. At Edinburgh, among other places, they adopted a goal-distance of about three hundred yards apart. The incessant activity of the players, with none of those lulls which characterise cricket, keeps the spectator also on the *qui vive*; and he must possess tolerably good eyesight to see how the more distant tussles are going on. As to the players themselves, if watchfulness of eye, steadiness of nerve, promptness of muscle, readiness of resource, fleetness of foot, are useful aids towards obtaining that *mens sana in corpore sano* so much recommended to us—then our young men might do well to familiarise themselves with the game of La Crosse.

#### GUARANA.

GUARANA-BREAD, as it is called by the Brazilian Indians, has some properties worthy of being known. It is the product of a small climbing shrub, growing chiefly in the northern parts of the empire, and on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries, known among botanists as the *Paullinia sorbilis*. The plant ripens its seeds about October or November. They are then gathered, peeled, dried, and stored away until wanted for conversion into guarana-bread. The manufacture is of the simplest. After being slightly roasted, the seeds are reduced to powder by means of a coarse file, and the powder worked into a stiff paste with water; a certain proportion of whole and broken seeds being mixed with the mass before it is moulded into oblong cakes or cylindrical rolls; looking when dry, like chocolate-coloured sausages. If they are of a dark-brown hue, it is a sign that the seeds have been over-roasted; in which case, the guarana loses both flavour and efficacy, and fetches, of course, a lower price in the market.

Mantegazza pronounces guarana to be without

a rival as an aliment for travellers, its virtues being unaffected either by heat or damp, putrefaction or time; while it is available for service wherever a draught of water is procurable; for, unlike tea, coffee, and cocoa, guarana needs only to be mixed with cold water to furnish a refreshing, sustaining beverage; which, by the addition of a little sugar, is rendered as palatable as it is stimulating, leaving its grateful flavour a long time in the mouth. No wonder the Indians of the Amazon consider guarana-bread an indispensable necessity when journeying far afoot, especially indispensable, seeing they think it a panacea for diarrhoea and dysentery, and credit it with making tonguetied folks eloquent.

We are assured that there is nothing in the world so healthful and so reinvigorating as a cup of fresh guarana, its stimulating properties far exceeding those of coffee or tea; but like all stimulating drinks, guarana must be indulged in judiciously. Taken immediately after a meal, it is apt to derange the digestive functions; and if the drinker mixes his cup too strong, or imbibes too freely of the beverage, it produces over-excitation, inquietude, and wakefulness, and destroys the appetite.

Guarana is scarcely destined to obtain a place among European, much less British beverages, but it may possibly find favour as a remedial agent in nervous ailments. Dr Leconte, a French physician, eulogises it as a specific in cases of sick-headache, one of the most obstinate complaints with which doctors have to deal; and writing to an English medical journal, says: 'I feel myself justified, as well by my own experience as by that of many physicians of my acquaintance, in affirming that this medicine never fails, except when improperly prepared, adulterated, or injudiciously administered.' To be properly prepared, the rolls of guarana should be pulverised, and then treated with alcohol, dried and reduced to powder; to be administered in doses of two grammes, a second dose following at an interval of a couple of hours, if the first fails to produce the desired effect. Dr Wilks, if not quite so enthusiastic as his French brother, speaks favourably of the new remedy, deposing that one lady-patient of his contrived to keep her old enemy at bay for half a year by its aid; and that another wrote to him: 'When you prescribed guarana-powders for me for severe and frequent headache, you asked me to let you know if I found them beneficial. I have every reason to believe them a complete preventive of headache; as on the least symptom, I have taken a powder, sometimes a second in two hours' time; and in no case have they failed as an effectual cure.'

Spite of this testimony to the merits of guarana, it may be doubted whether those who have recourse to it will not find it lose its power after a while, if it does not prove harmful in the long-run. The writer happens to know by painful experience what sick-headache is, and he also happens to have found a preventive, at least in his own case: the very simple one of abstaining from tea altogether, and taking coffee, pure coffee, morning and evening. Having enjoyed a twelve-month's freedom from headache, he is impelled to advise all sufferers that way to imitate his example before trying the vaunted guarana of Brazil.

## SONGS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

## THE COUNTRY LASS.

This old English and scarce ballad dates from the seventeenth century; the air to which it was sung being that now adopted for *Sally in our Alley*. The author is unknown. Some of the lines bear the peculiarity of having an additional syllable, 'a,' to make out the metre, as was not uncommon in old English ballads. As originally written, *The Country Lass* would scarcely be fit for singing in modern times. In the following version some changes are introduced; otherwise, the ancient ditty is preserved.

ALTHOUGH I am a country lass,  
A lofty mind I bear-a;  
I think myself as good as those  
Who gay apparel wear-a.  
My dress is made of comely gray,  
Yet is my skin as soft-a  
As those who, using choice perfumes,  
Do scent their garments oft-a.

At times I keep my father's sheep,  
A thing that must be done-a,  
A garland of the fairest flowers  
Oft shades me from the sun-a.  
And when I see them feeding by,  
Where grass and flowers spring-a,  
Close by a crystal fountain clear,  
I sit me down and sing-a.

I take my part in household work,  
I card,\* I sew, I spin-a,  
I milk the cows at early morn,  
Kind Robin's smile I win-a.  
I bake and brew with sister Sue,  
My brother's hose I darn-a,  
At harvest-time a sickle wield,  
And winnow in the barn-a.

My ruddy cheeks with glow of health,  
Seek neither paint nor patching,  
At church I have my duty learnt,  
And need no constant watching.  
With Robin at the Whitsuntide  
I dance upon the green-a,  
While pipe and tabor cheer the throng—  
A merry set I ween-a.

I envy not the ladies fine,  
With skirts that sweep the ground-a,  
Not trained to any useful art,  
They're good for nothing found-a.  
In idleness their days are spent,  
Abroad for recreation,  
We simple lasses hate their pride,  
And keep the country fashion.

Then, do not scorn the country lass,  
Though she go plain and meanly;  
Who takes a country girl to wife  
That goeth neat and cleanly,  
Is better sped than if he wed  
A lady from the city,  
For there they are so idly bred,  
They're only worth our pity.

w. c.

\* Carding wool for spinning.

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